UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

Should India Be Ruled by Foreigners?

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

Who Shall Stand Before God?

By DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER

A Layman's View of the Pulpit In America

By S. D. SCHWARTZ

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1920 NUMBER 6

OCTOBER.

Sweet are the woodland notes
That gush melodious at morn from palpitating throats,
In anthems fresh as dew! Aye, they are sweet!
But from that dim retreat
Where Evening muses through the pensive hours,
There sometimes floats along
A more appealing song.
So, love, thy voice breathes a diviner music in the chill
Of autumn, when the glen is still
And Flora's gold all tarnished on the hill,
Than in the time when merry May calls forth her bashful flowers.

—From Poems of Florence Earle Coates.

The presidential campaign, now drawing to its close, has been one of the most listless and inconclusive on record. Nevertheless, when the votes are counted on next Tuesday night, we venture to prophesy that certain things will be very definitely decided. One is that the people of the United States are tired of Woodrow Wilson and all his henchmen and all his works. Unless we are altogether mistaken, this election will constitute the most terrible repudiation ever visited by an American electorate upon an American president. Another thing which will be decided is that the people of this country want nothing to do either with the Versailles Treaty or the Covenant of the League. They have learned, and learned rightly, that both are the latest conspiracies of rampant imperialism, and that the sooner they are both undone and the work of reconstruction begun anew on different lines, the better. A third thing which will be decided in this election is that millions of people are tired of repression, reaction, denial of civil liberties, profiteering, patrioteering, and are in a mood to strike desperately for a change of program. When the vote for Mr. Debs, the federal prisoner at Atlanta, is added to the vote for Mr. Christensen, the I. W. W. lawyer from Utah, the total will stagger the country. Such results are to us not altogether unsatisfactory. This campaign has been worth while after all.

Germans in Belgium, English in Ireland, and now Americans in Haiti! The story is everywhere the same. Take the worst atrocities alleged against the Germans in Belgium, and we find them all more than duplicated in the disclosures of Gen. Barnett of what U. S. marines have been doing in the black republic. Massacres, unlawful executions, forced labor or slavery, usurpations of government—all these are charged and proved against us as crimes committed against a people with whom we are supposed to be at peace. Gen. Barnett speaks of "unlawful indiscriminate killing of natives"; and declares that 3,250 "armed Haitian bandits" have been slain, with a loss to the American forces of only 13 killed and 29 wounded. He confesses that he "was shocked beyond expression" at what he found had been going on. And all this revelation of infamous tyranny comes only a few weeks after Franklin Roosevelt boasted that he had written the Haitian constitution, and Secretary Colby had refused to pay the salaries of native officials unless they would be good; and only a few days after Secretary Daniels had described Harding's attack on Haitian policy as "a reflection upon the brave and patriotic members of the Marine Corps on duty in Haiti." Meanwhile, we are still banishing Germany from the family of nations, and are refusing to recognize Soviet Russia because of the horrors of Bolshevik rule! Ye gods, what hypocrisy! Has history ever known such smug dishonesty as characterizes the Wilson administration! To the New York *Nation* and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is due an immeasurable debt of gratitude for their joint achievement in tearing aside the veil of secrecy which has hidden this abomination for more than five years.

From whatever point of view it may be regarded, and however it may come out, the strike of the miners in England can only be described as an unmitigated calamity. Especially is it a calamity to labor. The organization of the British Labor Party, during the war, was the most important event in the history of industrial England. It brought within sight the capture of the government by the workers of the realm, and the consequent opening of a new era of human freedom. The victory of the Labor Party at the next general election has been universally conceded for months. Nothing could stop this vast triumph but some madness on the part of labor itself—and now the madness has come! To Lloyd-George, growing weaker every hour, the strike arrives as a veritable life-saver.

"That he will welcome the fight," says Alfred G. Gardiner, the famous liberal editor, "is certain. The miners, in forcing it on him, threaten to smash organized labor. . . . Labor as a whole realizes this and is very angry with the miners. . . . If it comes to a fight between the government and the miners, the whole labor movement inevitably will be drawn into it, and the result will not only bring industrial disaster but political ruin to their party."

Here is the tragedy!—the wrecking of the British Labor Party at the very moment when it was on the eve of winning a sweeping victory and thus accom-

plishing everything for which the workers have been striving these two generations and more. Nothing can save the situation for labor but a madness on the part of Lloyd-George comparable to that of the miners. That he is for the first time in his career capable of such things, is shown by his recent "declaration of war" against Ireland. But so adroit a man is not likely to commit two such errors. The Premier now has English labor in his power, and he may be trusted to make the most of the situation.

Evidences are multiplying that the Bolsheviki in Russia are acting under war conditions much like the bourgeoisie governments of Europe which they profess to despise. Thus, they conscript men for military service. They deny all rights of free press and free assembly. They cast their political opponents into prison. They rule with an iron hand. Just why these facts should so excite and outrage the governing classes of France and England and America, is hard to understand. Lenin has been guilty of nothing which was not done under the same conditions by Lloyd-George and Wilson without apology. Indeed, we would hesitate, as a proud American, to match the record in this country in 1917 and 1918 with the record in Russia in 1919 and 1920. The conservatives should be the last to assail the Bolsheviki for what they have done under the stress of the blockade and war on every front, for they have only gone and done likewise! But with the radicals it is different; they have a true grievance. They behold a great adventure in Russia, which they want to see worked out without interference; and they have a right to resent interference not merely from hostility without, but also from false methods within. Of course, it is argued in extenuation of the situation, that these repressions of tyranny are necessary, that they have to be done to save the revolution; and that when peace is restored liberty will be restored as well. But we are not so far removed from the Great War as to forget that necessity was the plea offered in defense of all the abominations which were wantonly committed in the warring countries; we are not so ignorant of psychology as to imagine that the habit of power, once learned and practiced, is so easily put off; and we are still idealistic enough to believe that some failures are better that some successes, and in the long run also more efficacious. The Bolsheviki have done a marvelous work; they hold within their grasp immeasurable promise for the future. We recall that one of their sternest critics, Bertrand Russell, has confessed that, in spite of all his dissent, if he were in Russia today he would support them. Still does it remain true, none the less, that the Bolsheviki, under temptation wellnigh irresistible, have put their feet on the path which leads straight to destruction. Let them draw back before it is too late.

It is pitiful to see the eagerness with which the drowning champions of the League of Nations seize upon the straw of the Aland Islands. Here is a case which has actually been referred to the League for settlement. But is any one of the Great Powers interested in this case? Oh, no! The nations involved in the dispuate are Sweden and Finland. Does any one of the Great Powers care particularly how the case is decided? Oh, no! They are all of them entirely indifferent. The Aland Islands question, in other words, lies entirely outside the area of world politics. It has been referred to the League of Nations exactly as similarly harmless questions were referred to the old Hague Tribunal before the War. But what about the questions which concern the plans and ambitions of the Great Powers, and therefore have dynamite in them? What about Poland and Fiume and Macedonia and Armenia and Syria and Mesopotamia and Persia? Are these really dangerous disputes being placed before the League? Not much! These questions the Powers propose to settle in their own way; and if this means war—so be it! The Aland Islands case simply demonstrates what has been charged against the League of Nations from the beginning—that it is a tool of the Great Powers, to be used or not as they see fit. The League is a fine garb of respectability and pious hope, for the disguise of the old discredited imperialism. The real power in the world today is the Supreme Council; and this exists to rule mankind in the interest of England, France and Italy, in peace if possible, with the sword if necessary.

Another distinguished clergyman has made confession of his disillusionment. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, until recently minister of Westminster Chapel in London, ardent supporter of the Great War, has looked abroad over the world which this war was fought to save, and sees nothing which he had expected.

"There is no harmony anywhere," he says. "You tell me the war is over; nay, we are in the midst of war. All the things I hoped for, prayed for, and fought for, are in a state of bloody rebellion. There is restlessness in all the world instead of peace."

Alas, dear brother, where did you learn that harmony would come out of strife? Who told you that peace would be the end of war? Not he, whose words you accept as those spoken by the Son of God. For Jesus taught that love alone brings harmony to men, and peace is itself the only path to peace. Suppose that, instead of joining the mob in 1914, you had taken up your cross as the Master took up his so long ago, and died upon your Calvary for his work of reconciliation. Suppose that other ministers of Christ in your land and other lands, had done the same? Would this world be the wreck and ruin that it is today? Would humanity not be nearer its salvation? "Every one that heareth these words of mine and doeth them *not*"—!!

The indictment of the modern church continues to be spoken by men who know the facts and have the courage to reveal them. The most recent utterance is that of Dr Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore College, President of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, spoken at the conference of that body in Boston. "The churches' function," he said, "has shrunk to that of a social club for middle class people of comfortable incomes in which it teaches mildly the middle class personal morality, and feebly asserts certain medieval theological formulas which it doesn't understand and is not really interested in." We are of the opinon that this is a conservative statement of the real facts. It seems to indicate that many of these "social clubs" are prosperous, which is certainly not the case. Furthermore, it ignores the existence of certain churches which are openly toys or tools of the proud and selfish rich, who use them for purposes which would have put the Pharisees of Jesus' time to shame. As a general survey of the situation under modern Protestantism, however, Dr. Holmes's statement is accurate. It is also challenging, for after all, as he went on to point out, "the church, if there can be said to be such a thing, is the only world-nation, and if it can be roused to its real meaning, it is still the hope of the world." Here is a true definition of the religious task today. A real universal church for all people everywhere must be constructed for the saving of mankind.

These are the days when the lovers of poetry may well be optimistic. Think of a publication season still young, which has seen the appearance of "Enslaved" by John Masefield, "October" by the English Laureate, Robert Bridges, "The Elfin Artist" by Alfred Noyes, and "The Three Taverns" by Edwin Arlington Robinson! The greatest poetry ever written is not appearing in our time. Thomas Hardy and John Masefield are perhaps the only men now using the English tongue, who have done work of the first order. But we repeat an opinion which has appeared more than once in these columns—that there is more poetry of high rank being written and published today than at any previous period in literary history.

Should India Be Ruled by Foreigners?

All persons who believe that great civilized India should be ruled against her will by a foreign nation, instead of by her own people, may well learn a lesson from the Christian missionaries.

Some of the missionaries are beginning very clearly to realize that a foreign form of Christianity—a European Christianity or an American Christianity—will not do for India. If India is ever to become Christianized it must be by a Christianity adapted to her peculiar needs, and through the agency of India's own sons, who know India, her mind, her spirit, her weakness and her strength, her limitations and her potentialities—in a word, who understand what kind of a religion it is possible to plant and make fruitful in her intellectual, social, and spiritual soil.

It cannot be a Christianity shaped in the West, with sects and dogmas and theologies which have grown out of western religious controversies, and with rituals and forms and organizations which are adapted to Europe and America but not to the Orient.

A Christian missionary in India has recently said: "It is all very well for the West to send missionaries to India and expect great things of them. They have done wonders; but the thing they are aiming at will never be accomplished by their own hands. If India is ever to be won to Christ, it will be the Indians themselves who do it. The Indian has a type of mind and a temperament of his own, and I believe there are very few, if any, Westerners who have ever understood it. Only the Indian can know his own people; only he can exactly portray the Christ who will appeal to the Hindu mind. Until now the burden of evangelization has rested almost wholly upon the missionaries' shoulders. There must be a radical change. The vital need of Christianity in India is Indian leaders, Indian young men with fire and red blood and vision, to give to the land a Christianity which will remember that Jesus was an Oriental, that the Bible is an Oriental book, and that will be alive and throbbing with the Oriental spirit. A Western Christianity, a foreign Christianity shaped to foreign and distant needs, and preached by foreign men, can never win India, or serve her real spiritual wants."

If the principle enunciated here is true in religion, it is also true in government and in all political matters.

The missionaries from the far West are better qualified to give India a Christianity suited to her needs than foreign political rulers are to give her a government suited to her needs. For the missionaries are really sympathetic, they live among the people, get close to them, try to understand them, learn their languages, mingle with them in the most intimate ways.

But the British rulers and officials in India for the most part are unsympathetic, keep themselves apart from the people, look down on them, treat them with arrogance, almost never get into close and confidential relations with them, do not feel a personal and permanent interest in them, create and maintain a cold, heartless bureaucratic machine, for ruling the country, collecting the taxes, and so forth, have their hearts in far off England, always call that "home," visit it as often as they can, send their children there to be educated, look eagerly forward to the time when their period of hated foreign service will be over and they

can quit the land of their banishment and go home, leaving the despised Indians forever behind.

Now, in the nature of things, such men are not fit to rule India.

They are not half so well fitted to give her such a government as she needs as the missionaries are to give her such a Christianity as she needs.

And if the wiser missionaries are more and more seeing that a foreign Christianity is bad, is at best only a temporary make-shift, which as soon as possible must be changed to a distinctly Indian Christianity, led by Indian men, adapted to Indian ideals and temperaments, and its church manned and governed and maintained by the Indian Christians themselves—if this is so, then why do we not see, and why does not the whole world see, that still more is it true, that an Indian government and Indian political institutions carried on and shaped by tyrannical and unsympathetic foreigners are bad, intrinsically and necessarily bad, can never be made anything else but bad, and should as soon as possible be changed to a government and to political institutions suited to India's history, nature, traditions, aptitudes, wants, civilization. Every country in this world must stand on its own legs—in religion if its religion is to be anything worth while, and quite as much in government if its government is to be anything else but a tyranny and a curse.

J. T. SUNDERLAND,

INVITATION.

(Dedicated to the conscientious objectors still in prison.)

Now let him in, the outcast one
With thorns about his brow.
The flags are furled, the war is done,
We need not fear him now.

Go call him, though he wear the mark
Of rude, poor friends he found
Where we had thrust him in the dark,
On unanointed ground.

We'll bathe his feet, make shine his thorns;
Robe him again in white;
And who his gentle message scorns
Shall feel our holy might.

But have a care lest those should press
Who fed them while we warred;
Wipe off the shadow of their kiss,
And keep the doorway barred.

We'll set him in a sacred ring,
Free from their touch of sin.
Again shall hallelujahs ring!
Go, bishops, let HIM in.

The Liberator —*Olive Dargan.*

CREEDS.

How pitiful are little folk—
They seem so very small;
They look at stars, and think they are
Denominational.

—*Willard Wattles.*

THE PULPIT

Who Shall Stand Before God?

A Sermon preached by Dean Lewis B. Fisher, Sunday Morning October 17, 1920, at All Souls Church, Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

This is the generation of them that seek after him, That seek thy face, even Jacob.—Ps. 24:6.

The Psalms make the great hymn book, prayer book, devotional book, liturgy of the ages. Perhaps there is not on the whole earth a Jewish or Christian gathering today that will not use the Psalms. They were not written by David or by any other one person. I am very glad of that. It is not the cry of any one soul of any one age that you repeat or sing when you use a Psalm. It is the voice of thousands of devout souls in many ages.

The Psalms help us worship God better when we remember that. I don't think Protestant congregations use the Psalms as well as they might. Somehow I have an impression that we are all rather uneasy for fear the sound will not be loud enough when the congregation reads. That is one use of Psalms. They were made to sing, by two or more choirs. One choir sang a part and another choir responded. Perhaps one choir was inside, one outside the temple. Perhaps both inside the temple. The people had no books. I do not know whether all sang or not, or whether it was just the trained choirs sending waves of triumphant harmony over the heads of the people, back and forward. That certainly is a fine use of the Psalms in a church built for it, and with choirs big enough and drilled. I wish everybody could chant some of the Psalms.

But the other use of the Psalms is private and personal prayer and meditation. That is the use our little church makes of them, as most churches without paid choirs have to do. Everybody has the Psalm before him.

There is therefore no need of loud reading. You don't have to make any human being hear you. Everybody in the room has a book, or should have. The reading of the Psalm in such cases is purely between you and God like all prayer. Each worshipper in a low murmur should speak to God in the old words so many millions have used. If a listener is present, he should not get the impression that the congregation is reading to impress him with the noise they make or the volume of sound. His impression should be that each person there is praying, or engaged in religious meditation. The sound should be low and subdued, suitable to such exercise. Enough sound should be heard so that all can keep somewhere near together, but all should remember that the Psalm is each soul talking to God, not to man, and talking to God in language made sacred and precious because so many millions have used it.

Our 24th Psalm is really two Psalms put together and is plainly made for great choirs to sing. Each part ends with Selah, which is the Hebrew word for enthusiasm or what college boys call "pep." It means to lift up, to sing heartily.

Let us look at the second Psalm first, as it seems to be earlier in its thought. A triumphal army with Jehovah at its head is at the gates of Jerusalem demanding entrance. God has not been in the city before, which appears to be true of other cities before

and since. But now they are bringing God into the city, a consummation devoutly to be wished. The army choir sings,"Lift up your heads, O ye gates and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in." The choir inside the gates sings a question, "Who is this King of Glory?"

The choir without answers, "Jehovah strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle."

Then the army choir repeats the demand for entrance, the sentinel choir repeats the question, "Who is this King of Glory?" and the choirs respond, "Jehovah of hosts he is the King of Glory." All this fits the event recorded in 2nd Samuel, 6th chapter, better than any other that we know of.

There is no temple in Jerusalem, Jehovah is the God of militarism, and David is bringing him into the city he has purchased.

The first part of the Psalm, as it is arranged, is much more advanced in its thought, and while it is also arranged to be sung by responsive choirs, it is a wonderful religious meditation for us. Here the first choir sings, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods."

This is the wonderful universalism of the Old Testament so far from merely local and temporal thoughts of God. The temple has been built on the hill, God is there, not only for Israel but for all the earth. Not Palestine first, nor Israel, nor Egypt nor America first, but all the earth belongs to God. He created it on the seas and floods of time, and every soul of every race belongs to him and is the object of his love and care. Then the second choir sings a question, and it is a deep and searching question. "Who shall ascend into the Hill of Jehovah, and who shall stand in his holy place?" The choir within responds and tells what sort of a person can be admitted.

Now the sort of a person that stands before God as described here is very surprising. By all associations you would expect the answer to be the great warrior David and his mighty men of war. Militarists then claimed to be Jehovah's special pets, and they still appeal to him as particularly obligated to support them in their devilish schemes. But somehow the choir did not sing this that you naturally expect—the big soldier shall stand before God. Or as you read your Old Testament you would expect that the choir would have said that he who offers the most bulls and rams and first fruits, or oldest sons or daughters, would be the man to stand before God. A lot of folks thought so in those times and think so yet. But the choir did not sing that either.

Nor did they sing anything about blood offerings, or blood atonement, or the blood of Christ, or about rites and ceremonies, nor creeds nor forms. Strange that they did not, because nearly all the world has sought in these easy things some substitute for the difficult right conduct and clean living.

Who shall stand before him? Not the fighting man, not the priestly man, obedient to all ritual forms, not the white man, the superman among the races,—so he thinks,—not the Jewish man nor Greek nor Roman nor American nor Kaiser man. It is indeed passing strange that some of these were not named, as most everybody feels sure that these are the God-favored ones. What the choir sings in answer to the searching question, who stands before God, is "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto lies, nor sworn deceitfully, nor borne false witness."

Then the choir goes on and sings what the man shall get as reward for his fine living, and it is not what you would expect at all. He is not promised gold or land, or property or health, or any other worldly wages for being good. He is promised the blessing of God and a righteous character. It has always seemed to us that we ought to get bigger wage than this for being good. The good man ought to be rich and successful. The problem is always why does a man not so good often rake off these earthly gains. Only the good should have them. But the choir sang that the reward for being good was none of these earthly rewards but only character.

He that hath clean hands, a pure heart, truthful lips, that is, hath not lifted up his soul unto lies. That is a remarkable expression too. We say dragged down his soul unto lies, how did they say lifted up his soul? Because when you think of it that is what we do when we lie. We just lift up our little souls and defy the whole universe of God. We are afraid to tell men around us the truth, but we are not a bit afraid of God. Lying is flinging out defiance to God and his universe. It is a strange display of pride. So the great Psalm, back there in the Old Testament where maybe you hardly looked for it, declares that not the warrior, not the big business man, not the ritualist, and formalist, stands before God, but the one with clean hands, pure heart, truthful lips. I love the old Psalm. It is a wonderful religious meditation. It rose out of its age, and stood on the mountain tops of vision for all good men and women of all ages.

What did Jesus do with it? Well, sometimes we are told that he set it aside as childishness, as salvation by mere morality. We are told that only those stand before God who accept his blood atonement, or some such mystic dream. But it is strangely difficult to put your finger on the chapter and verse where Jesus did this.

Master! we cry, Master, tell us who shall stand before God in the testing days, the judgment days? He that obeys the Golden Rule. He who loves God and loves man. He who serves. This is no substitute for clean hands and pure hearts, and truthful lips, this is Jesus' recipe for getting and keeping these things.

For do we not know, every one of us, that we cannot keep our thoughts pure and lips truthful and hands clean by the direct method? One man said to another, "I will give you $100 if you will not think of hippopotamus for the next five minutes." We all know that when we go at it in that direct way we cannot possibly think of anything else but hippopotamus. The only way not to think of that beast is to fill your mind with something else so absorbing that it crowds him out. That is the method of indirection.

Sit down and say "I am not going to think of an impure or unworthy thing this day," and you cannot think of anything else that day.

But go at it by the indirect method. Say I am going to fill my heart and hands with so many clean good things today that there will be no room whatever for anything else to creep in. That is Jesus' method of indirection. Love, serve, be absorbed in

these and the imps of darkness find no vacant rooms they can occupy in your mind.

So here it is. Who stands before God? He that hath clean hands, pure heart, truthful lips, and who loves and serves the best. This is the generation of them that believe this. Oh no, no, you say, that generation has not arrived yet. It is not even in sight. We mean by a generation thirty-three years. But in this text generation does not mean a period of time. It means a company of people. In the Psalm it meant Jacob or Israel. Israel stands before God.

There was then, is now and ever shall be a company of men and women, the true Israel, that does put clean hands, pure hearts, truthful lips, loving service first. I cannot tell just where this generation or group is. I think it has some faithful members most everywhere. Its members are of all colors, all races, all places, all ages. They are the light of the world, the saving salt of humanity. They make the League of Nations. The real league. The men and women scattered all over this little ball we name the earth, who love clean hands, pure hearts, truthful lips and human service. If they could only know each other and act together you would have a real league of nations, because these people are the cream of all nations and all ages. The generation that seeks Him is not a generation of thirty-three years, but this invisible group, of all ages, all races, all colors, made up of lovers of the clean hands, pure hearts and truthful lips, and servants of man.

I want to join that company. I want you to join it. I have not said much to you this morning, have I? I have just talked to you about clean hands, a pure heart and truthful lips and love to God and man. How commonplace it all is. Not one of you who has not heard it ever since birth. They say that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Am I trifling while the whole world is burning?

The unspeakable war has set us all back a full fifty years or more. I cannot think of one person that has been made better by it all. I am the worse for it, so are you, so is everybody we know. Yet the big interests which control the 800 newspapers and magazines that most of us read, and piously believe, are doing all they can to plunge us into the horror again. They are solidly against the League of Nations, refusing to join the nations now in it. They say we are going to have a league that they make or none at all. The present one will not do. In the meantime they constantly print irritating matter about Japan, Mexico and Russia, and plead for armies and navies unlimited. Capitalists and laborers glare at each other, and our prophets are now spelled "profits." In the face of it all I have no new program and simply talk about the old moral law.

Why not give us some big, striking thing to do? We want to go over the top with glory and get a dozen medals pinned on us by the officials before an admiring public.

The preacher has no such program. He is commonplace. He fiddles while the whole world burns. What you charge against me is true, and I am deeply humiliated that I have for you no more striking and heroic message. I have no dynamite, bombs or red flag and I promise no medals.

It is just a call to clean hands, pure heart, truthful lips, loving service to your neighbor. But yet this common path is the only path that leads mankind out anywhere worth going to. This common path requires a wisdom, a heroism, a greatness to walk in, that makes all militarism and commercialism mere childish play with idle toys.

It is something to face the sun and know you are free.
To hold your head in the shafts of daylight slanting the earth
And know your heart has kept a promise and the blood runs clean;
It is something.

To go one day of your life among all men with clean hands,
Clean for the day book today and the record of the after days,
Held at your side proud, satisfied to the last, and ready,
So to have clean hands:
God, it is something,
One day of life so
And a memory fastened till the stars sputter out
And a love washed as white linen in the noon drying.

Yes, go find the men of clean hands one day and see the life, the memory, the love they have, to stay longer than the plunging sea wets the shores or the fires heave under the crust of the earth.

O yes, clean hands is the chant and only one man knows its sob and its undersong and he dies clenching the secret more to him than any woman or chum.

And O the great brave men, the silent little brave men, proud of their hands—clutching the knuckles of their fingers into fists ready for death and the dark, ready for life and the fight, the pay and the memories—O the men proud of their clean hands.

Smoke and Steel. —*Carl Sandburg.*

As I sit at my work at home, which is at Hammersmith, close to the river, I often hear some of that ruffianism go past the window of which a good deal has been said of late. As I hear the yells and shrieks and all the degradation cast on the glorious tongue of Shakespeare and Milton, as I see the brutal reckless faces and figures go past me it rouses the recklessness and brutality in me also, and fierce wrath takes possession of me, till I remember, as I hope I mostly do, that it was my good luck only of being born respectable and rich that has put me on this side of the window among delightful books and lovely works of art, and not on the other side, in the empty street, the drink-steeped liquor shops, the foul and degraded lodgings. I know by my own feelings and desires what these men want, what would have saved them from these lowest depths of savagery: employment which would foster their self-respect and win the praise and sympathy of their fellows, and dwellings which they could come to with pleasure, surroundings which would soothe and elevate them; reasonable labor, reasonable rest. There is only one thing which can give them this—art.—*William Morris.*

To me religion is more than the mumbling of a creed. It is the meaning of all that is unexplained and inexplicable in the world. It is the adoration of the unknown force which maintains the universal laws and preserves the types of all beings; it is the surmise of all that in Nature does not fall within the domain of sense, of all that immense realm of things which neither the eyes of our body nor even those of our spirit can see; it is the impulse of our conscience towards the infinite, towards eternity, towards unlimited knowledge and love. . . . In this sense I am religious.—*Rodin.*

CONTRIBUTED

A Layman's View of the Pulpit in America

No longer can there be any doubt as to the impotency of the pulpits of our land and the moral bankruptcy of the present day religious forces. It has taken the cataclysmic deluge of war and its aftermath to dissipate whatever doubt there still may have lingered as to the utter inadequacy and mockery of our religious institutions. That few among the churchmen realize the hollowness of their teachings is easily evidenced by their recent performances during the great war. To a layman like myself, unprejudiced by theological formulas and dogmas, this revelation of religious futility might perhaps serve as a cause of little concern. But somehow or other in making a serious attempt to understand the political and economic perplexities with which we are confronted in this new day of challenge and assertion, we cannot forego the conclusion that these very political and economic problems are essentially social and moral in their nature and so lead us back to religious fundamentals. Say what we will, express it as we may, religion is not dogma nor creed nor theological sophistications; it is synonymous with life—nay, it is life itself.

The causes of the sterility of our pulpits are not to be ascribed to the war. The great war but revealed their vacuity. The roots of this condition of affairs go much deeper. They go back to the great sixteenth century adventure in America. America became at that time to western civilization the Eldorado—the land of golden promise. After the long night of mediæval darkness, Europe went mad for wealth and material acquisition. With each incursion of population from the old world, America received a new impetus in the development of its material resources. True it is that Puritanism in its early history laid the foundation stones of the American republic. But Puritanism could not last. It was too rigid, it denied life, whereas if it was to survive, it should have asserted life. And so like other institutions that fail to meet the needs of man, it went the usual path of decay and dissolution. America crystallized within itself the will to power and material acquisition. The energies of its soul were poured into the channels of trade and industry. The deepest spiritual equation of American life found primacy in commerce. Life became a titanic struggle of a dynamic and purposive sort. God and religion were crushed into an anæmic force, and where this was not possible, became debauched to suit the purposes of the dominant possessive ideations. Thus stood American life when it received the full impact of the new discoveries in human evolution and science.

The full force of this impact of the new day upon the religious life of the day was not learned until the great war broke upon an apparently unsuspecting mankind. Then was revealed that the pulpits instead of leading men's hearts and minds, instead of serving as interpreters of the eternal verities of life's needs and values, were followers in the pathways characteristic of the new world of acquisition and exploitation. This new world—this world of Pragmatism if you please, was a world intolerant of anything save that of utility and utilitarian values. The low simplicities of gain and profit, of bank deposits and bank resources, became expressive of moral evaluations. Great architectural and creative achievements were vocalized in terms of financial effort rather than human concepts and human desires. To counteract this but few pulpits in the land thundered and these few were soon silenced by the clarion voice of Mars. And so it was not to be expected that true light and leading might come from these pulpits when the dogs of war were unleashed. The pulpits who in spite of themselves were swept along with the tide, became recruiting grounds for all of the forces of hatred and passion.

The war thus served as the great revealer and disenchanter. The men in the pulpits were confronted as Elijah of old at Mt. Carmel between two religions —state and spirit; "Emperor and Galilean" as Ibsen so aptly phrases it. Their hearts were torn asunder by two loyalties. The deepest instincts of their souls revolted at the thought of turning their lifelong beliefs and teachings of the sacredness of human life always and everywhere into a frenzied support of mass murder. They were confronted with a dilemma of such a magnitude as had never before arisen to haunt the souls of sincere and God-fearing men. Upon their decision rested men's religious and, therefore, every other hope and destiny. They made their choice and in choosing damned themselves. They elected to serve the State—the State which had on a hitherto unknown and gigantic scale undertaken to poison the hearts and minds of its people against their fellowmen—an utter reversal and turning topsy-turvy of all true religious teachings of the ages, so grandly and sublimely articulated by Malachi, "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother?" To argue that all human energies were essential in saving civilization is valid. But the pulpit in the minds of those to whom it functioned was looked upon as somewhat of an extraneous human agent, as an intermediary between the divine and human, as a means of reconciling man's lowest with his highest self. Now, somehow or other we cannot believe that in the spiritual domain the awful carnage and horror of war spell achievement. And so the pulpit pronounced its own sentence of condemnation when it made its choice for the State.

Most men of insight knew and took for granted the herd attributes of the multitudes. But little, very little indeed was it believed that the high priests of God, the men who had devoted their lives to proclaiming the words of love and brotherhood, could so readily forget their own teachings and cry death and damnation to their fellowmen. Nay, even this was not enough. Those immortals who had the courage of their convictions, who refused to be stampeded by the herd, who would not darken the intellectual portals of their fellowmen with counsels of hate, who saw that militarism always spells defeat—defeat of the noblest and most painfully achieved ideals of mankind, were driven from their homes or imprisoned with the active co-operation of the pulpit. Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse in France, Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg in Germany, Andreas Latzko in Austria-Hungary, Bertrand Russell in England, Jenkin Lloyd Jones and others in America—everywhere the same story, everywhere persecution and martyrdom and malice, because these true warriors in the cause of human solidarity and

brotherly love, took their professions of faith seriously and refused to join in the worship of the god of war, the god of cruelty and torture and degradation and hate. To these chosen few the energy of faith could only reside in the actualization of beauty and love—a beauty and love which could not be attained by man's clutching at the throat of his fellowman. Theirs was not a lip service to ideals, and so they were stoned.

Even this persecution might not have recoiled upon the pulpit once the war was over. Men could forgive and forget the war hysteria in which the pulpit had indulged. Did we not all realize more or less in the sober moments which followed the cessation of armed hostilities, the shame and cowardice of our war frenzied acts? Did we not all chide ourselves for our moral relapse into a war-maddened psychology? We might have attempted to understand and forbear with the pulpit in its war-crazed impious blasphemy. But what happened after the termination of the war? Did the pulpit take the initiative in proclaiming "good will to man"? Did the so-called men of God, who in our Sunday Schools had taught us to love our neighbor, to forgive him his wrongs, to show him the better way in the light of our own superior understanding and sympathy, did these men come forward and demand a new opportunity for the vanquished? No, they were in the front ranks of those who demanded vengeance. The balm of understanding was not with them because they had not kept the faith. So steeped were they in their counsels of hate and in their blindness that they remained dumb and inarticulate.

The voice of God, the appeal to the better instincts of men came not from the pulpit but from the ranks of Labor. Labor pleaded for humanity to the fallen foe; labor had borne the brunt of the awful burden, had paid the price in blood and tears, and now asked for, nay demanded charity and forgiveness. Men who knew not what leisure and culture meant, who had toiled in pain and obscurity, came forward and made themselves articulate in the counsels for a new approach to international comity and understanding. It is in just this that hope has not given way to despair, that man still has the spirit of God in his heart and though in moments of passion and illusion he give way, yet love will and must triumph.

Where now do we stand today? Have we been so utterly disillusioned that no longer can the pulpit bring to us its message, or has it nothing for us? The pulpit can and must lead us out of the mirage of these days of bitterness and misunderstanding. America up to today has stood for success, for achievement, for victory in the material realm. The very greatest problem which confronts the American people today is: "Can America achieve as great a spiritual victory as she has achieved material victory?" The pulpits of America must take the lead in the solution of this problem. But they will fail, yea, be utterly defeated if they continue to teach the old story that Success means the suppression of life, that peace and inner harmony are synonymous with Failure. The pulpit must lead men to the sources of life. It must again assume the function which it abdicated to the politicians when it became the mouthpiece of governmental propaganda. It must bring to men the consolation and hope of a life freed from superficial values. It must combat that philosophy of industrialism which fosters the pernicious idea that culture may be bartered and stored away on a five-foot shelf. The pulpits of America have a great and glorious opportunity before them. Will they use it? The Future alone will tell.

A new dawn is now breaking. Out of the travail of yesterday men's souls have been fuelled to sublimate their quest and yearning into a reality for tomorrow which shall render homage in deeds, not lip service to the deepest needs of man. In this world of tomorrow, happiness and beauty and love must abound in endless measure to all men, because all men are created in the image of their Maker. A new understanding of personality must come—a personality whose least common denominator is not divisible in marketable terms and, therefore, is without price. Life must become free and unfettered and creative. Dream and devotion and hunger for human fellowship and understanding among all peoples must be cultivated and cherished. The pulpits of America will determine the destiny of this land which we all love, the flag which we all revere, the ideals which it expresses and the beauty which it conveys. So will our beloved republic become luminous and vibrant with a new passion for justice, for righteousness, for humanity. It will become articulate with the self-knowledge born of a rectified purpose and sanctified mission to all peoples and to all nations.

S. D. SCHWARTZ.

Free Speech in America

[On Tuesday, October 12, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Dr. Norman Thomas, Editor of *The World Tomorrow*, and Miss Rose Schneidermann, Farmer-Labor candidate for the U. S. Senate, were arrested in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., while reading the constitution of the state, on a charge of violating an ordinance forbidding street speaking without a permit. On appeal to the Supreme Court, this ordinance was declared to be unconstitutional, and the prisoners were released. The following "Open Letter" to the Mayor of Mt. Vernon, by Mr. John R. Shillady, National Secretary of the Consumers League, is here published as an admirable statement of the principles involved in this case.—EDITORS.]

"As one who has lived in Mt. Vernon far the past seven years and who, as a home owner, expects to live here for many years more, I venture to address you on the question now become a vital issue to every thinking citizen—that of the use of appropriate street corners for the free expression of opinion within the limits of public law and order.

"I take it for granted that you have acted in this matter from motives which are admirable. The issue as I see it has two aspects. One, the legal one, the other, that of the expediency of denying the street corners to those who feel deeply their right as a minority group, to communicate their views to such of their fellow citizens as are willing to take this far from comfortable manner of listening to what their volunteer teachers have to offer.

"Judge Keogh has already spoken on the legal aspect of the case. The matter could well be left there were it not for possible further developments which are referred to in the daily press. In a democracy it is important that the people believe that their elected officers act within, not alone the letter, but also the spirit of the law, particularly when the rights of a

minority are concerned. Every act of an administrative official which seems to override guaranteed constitutional rights serves to undermine the confidence of minorities in the possibility of orderly change and is therefore a matter of deep concern to men of all shades of opinion who believe in our institutions.

"That you have not been free from a charge of discrimination is proven by your own statement that none but the Salvation Army could have a permit to speak at the corner at which meetings have long been held. Our laws do not grant any special privileges to organizations, secular or lay.

"It must not be overlooked that no one is compelled to listen to street speakers. If any sensibilities are shocked by what they hear, the risk is a voluntary one. Nor should aversion to the ideas of speakers blind one to the fact that freedom of speech is one of the rights which cannot be abrogated by administrative decree or by subterfuge as to its being denied as a matter of "traffic regulation," when fair minded men and women can see what the issue really is.

"Moorfield Storey, a distinguished lawyer, former president of the American Bar Association, in a chapter on Lawlessness in a recent book containing his Godkin lectures to the students of Harvard College says, 'The right to free speech means the right to utter what men do not want to hear. . . . No man who believes in a government like ours should for a moment tolerate any curtailment of . . . free speech, because (that) right (is) the cornerstone of republican government.' Mr. Storey urges the combatting of erroneous ideas but says that the good citizen must 'none the less uphold the right of the foolish speaker to express his foolish ideas.'

"Thomas Jefferson said, 'Considering the great importance to the public liberty, and the difficulties of subjecting it to very precise rules, the laws have thought it less mischievous to give greater scope to its freedom than to the restraint of it.'

"We should not forget that we owe our present blessings to men who have spoken on the streets amid the derision and active hostility of the people in authority at the time. John Wesley did much of his preaching in the open and was denounced as a menace to public order by the standpatters of his day. The warrant upon which John Bunyan was arrested for so speaking was a few years ago sold to a collector of literary treasures for a large sum and should serve to make present day officials modest in the use of their powers to determine when and where men should speak. It is human to err, but public officials and plain citizens should profit by the lessons of history. Moreover, private aversions should be separated from public actions.

"For one, I protest against the travesty of arresting men and women for attempts to read the constitution of the United States, for that, stripped of all pretentions, is what the incident of last Tuesday night (Oct. 12) comes down to. I protest, also, against efforts, if such be contemplated, to commit Mount Vernon to attempts to override Judge Keogh's decision in the cases before him, and to any action on the part of the mayor and common council, if that should be intended, to pass any ordinance which under the guise of 'regulating traffic' would seek to deny the street corners which have so long been allowed for such use, to speakers of any faith or party. No one objects to proper traffic regulations, but, under existing circumstances, the mayor and the council must be scrupulous to so act as to leave no warrant for the belief that they plan to throttle any group to whose ideas they, or any other section of the public, take exception.

"I wish it understood that I impute no such intentions to the mayor and the common council, but as a past mayor and council passed a measure invading the people's fundamental rights, I think it legitimate to express the hope that nothing of the kind is contemplated by our present officials.

"Acting as an individual, I have no means of knowing how many citizens of Mount Vernon share the views herein expressed. I trust that there are many and that they will speak out, especially, but not exclusively, those that are lawyers or students of public affairs or workers for public betterment.

"With personal respect for your own views and those of others which may be at variance with my own, I take this means of acquainting you with the considered opinion of one citizen on the issue in question."

Mt. Vernon, N. Y. *John R. Shillady.*

Ireland and America: a Contrast

Writing in *The Irish Homestead* for September 18, George W. Russell (A. E.) says:

> "An Irishman famous for his moral courage, after a visit to America, told us, 'It is better to be in jail in Ireland than free in the States.'"

Making all due allowance for the Irishman's passionate love for his own country, and for our equally passionate love for our own, it seems to us that the criticism of America implied in this bitter statement is justified; and we admit, with sorrow, that the lack of freedom against which the traveller complains is due not to the oppression of a foreign enemy, as is the case in Ireland, but to selfishness, greed and lust for power practiced by native Americans against their own countrymen. No alien army of occupation controls the going forth and coming in of Americans, our roofs are not burned over our heads, our lives, as such, are comparatively safe; but a much crueler foe is in our midst and we crouch in the dust at his feet,—we are the victims of militant Capital, grown fat and strong because of our carelessness and self-interest. And the great difference between the people of Ireland and the people of America, as they struggle under the thrall of these foes, lies in the fact that rebellion is rife in the spirit of the Irish people, as indeed it has always been since history began to be written, while in America we one and all, with rare exceptions, submit and go on submitting, taking refuge in a most shabby fatalism, allowing the sediment in the social pool to rise to the top, even praising and encouraging unworthiness in its successes. We are spiritually dormant, we Americans! That is the brutal truth. While Ireland, whether one agrees with her pretensions to national freedom or not, *lives* in the finest sense, dares to desire liberty, elects to suffer but never to surrender. We are too rich in accumulated material values, too poor in the soul's treasure. We must *rise*, "out of the dust, up, up, into the blue sky." If we fail to rise, we must die. We cannot remain the poor, soulless things that we are; that is worse than death.

James Waldo Fawcett.

The Unfinished God

I have read Mr. Holmes' article "Does God Know His Own Mind?" and Mr. Dole's reply, called "The Unfinished God," and I cannot help adding a few words of my own to the controversy.

I must confess that I, too, believe in a changing God, not exactly like the one Mr. Holmes has pictured, but certainly one whom Mr. Dole would call "unfinished."

The God of orthodoxy created the world and then rested from his labors. If we believe in evolution and carry it to its logical conclusion, then God's original creation can have been nothing more than the simplest organism imaginable, from which in the course of ages, through the process of evolution, came the various living creatures including man that inhabit the world today. We may believe that this evolution took place according to laws established by God even before he created the original cell, and that this evolution was and is carried out according to a plan and toward an end which was in the divine mind before the act of creation. What this aim and end is to be is unknown to us.

This, I think, is what the religious evolutionist usually believes, and it is in keeping with the idea of an unchanging God, all knowing and all powerful except bound by his own immutable laws. This God was, and is, and always will be, the same. Knowing all, there is nothing for him to learn. As he has put his laws in force and is himself bound by them, there is nothing for him to do but to observe the working of these laws, and as he is perfect any change could only make him less perfect.

The God I have pictured here does not appeal to my religious instinct. For me religion means the desire to establish a relation between myself and God. But such a relation can only be based on kinship and I feel no kinship with this all-knowing, all-perfect, unchangeable creator and ruler of the universe. There may be such a God, no one knows, but the being to which I turn in my religious moments, and from which I draw comfort and strength is the Spirit of the Universe, which *came into being* with the first original cell, living with it, growing with it. Ever changing, ever growing, it is the sum of all the experiences mental and spiritual of all things that have ever lived. While its vast experience compares with our limited range, as the ocean does with the little stream that trickles into it, this all pervading sensitive soul of the universe registers each of our emotions, every passing thought or fancy, and responds to them.

With this idea of God the whole scheme of creation is reversed. The God of orthodoxy carried the whole plan of the universe in his mind, together with all the laws necessary to answer its carrying out, and *then* proceeded to create the physical reality. The first and most important law he must have made was the immutability of his own laws, making it impossible even for himself to change them! This is why we call them sacred. Any laws that God might have made even if they were the reverse of those existing now would be sacred if immutable.

If a man wants to invent a new card game and is planning his rules, it matters little whether he calls ace high or low, one rule is as good as another, but after he has fixed the rules and the players have bound themselves to adhere to them they become important.

With the God of evolution, such as I have faith in, the process is reversed. Physical experience, consciousness—that is God—and the laws of being all developed at the same time. The natural law came to be, just as ethical laws have developed, from precedent. There was no law, "thou shalt not steal," until after the first theft; nor "thou shalt not kill" until after murder had been done.

But I have no intention of tiring you with a complete exposition of my own belief in this "developing" God. We *know* nothing regarding God and his universe. All our religions and philosophies are but guesses and we each and all have the right to make the guess that seems most reasonable and most comforting to our own soul.

Mr. Dole quotes Mr. Hosmer's lines:

> To this their secret strength they owed
> The martyrs' path who trod,
> The fountain of their patience flowed
> From out *their* thought of God.

These have always been favorite lines of mine, it is in *my* thought of God that I have found consolation and strength.

October, 1920. EMMA RENDTORFF.

SELECTED

The Little Starving Girl of Vienna

At last I found the hospital for which one of our workers (Friends) was arranging relief. I asked for her. "Yes, she was upstairs. Kindly wait here, we will send someone to find where she is." Presently I met her and together we walked up the long stairway which led past wide and clean white painted corridors. At the top, we walked out on to the roof, where the tubercular children were lying in their cots, with their chests, legs, arms or backs exposed to the sun's strong rays. There were long rows of them on the top of this big building. Nearly every child had many ulcers. Their limbs were like broom handles, scarcely wider anywhere than at the wrists and ankles. Their faces were so disfigured by the ulcers that it was hard to tell how their spirits bore it. On the whole they seemed to take it all calmly and good naturedly as if it were all something not to be avoided in the great scheme of their existence on earth. But just around the corner I came upon a little girl who cried.

She was even worse than the rest. There was a great pus-yielding wound on her neck as well as on her limbs. Her hair seemed to be eaten away by a sort of mange. And then she was so small—only seven, and small at that! The tears dropped one by one on to the little dress, and the tone of her weeping was enough to make any grown man sympathize. It seemed so hopeless. I whispered to the nurse on the side: "Can she live?" "No," was the answer, "she too cannot possibly survive. The parents bring us the children too late. They have been starved already too long, and besides—all we can give them is some potato soup and a very, very little milk. If we could only get more milk for them, or a little good bread, it would be so much easier to save them."

Miss Gribbons and I turned away and descended the long stairway. We could not speak much, there was something too heavy on our hearts. But I felt growing up in myself something else than heaviness of

heart. It was a growing anger that stiffened the muscles of my jaw. The reality had gripped me and it was too much. Yes, it was too much, this slow murder of little children—there on the roof, and in thousands of dark, hidden corners of the city. How could this thing be tolerated in the midst of European peoples who call themselves the Christian Civilization of the Earth?

Vienna, Austria. F. E. WALZER.
[*American Friends Service Committee.*]

THY GIFT—A FRIEND.

Oh Father, who in mine extremity
Hath filled for me at last a cup of love
And poured into its depths Thy spirit strong,
Sending Thy chosen messenger, a friend,
To feed my soul, and bid me, thirsting, drink;

Thou whose great purpose builds a life through prayer
And calls from out of pain garments of power,
Who gives to those who seek and travail here
A kindred mind to kindle and to hold
Thereby a kinship of the very soul
Stronger than blood, or than propinquity;

Thou, the great source that, all-embracing, lifts
As tenderly a creature as a star,
Whose plan conserves the smallest struggling life
And turns it to the rhythm of Thy law,
Hold in Thine hand this gift of priceless worth
That, trembling, strives to serve, mid hopes and fears,
Feeling its wonder and its beauty burn
Beneath Thy chastening power and cleansing touch;

Grant us such vision that our union may
Foretell the brotherhood that Jesus taught,
For so its strength shall shadow forth once more
The message of the Christ who came to teach
By parable the blessedness of friends,
And thereby clothed with sweetness, sacrifice,
To give the deeper sense, the higher aim
Not for today, but for eternity;

Born of the struggle of a soul that strives
Through burdened loneliness Thy light to see,
Reaching to give, even were giving vain,
This friendship springs, a flower of Thy thought,
The promise of that deeper power of Thine
Which we shall see revealed,—the power of love
Turned to Thy use.
We consecrate anew
This gift,—Thy precious gift,—oh Lord, to Thee.

A. BORDEN STEVENS.

Human beings in their present condition may be likened to bees in the act of swarming, as we see them clinging in a mass to a single bough. Their position is a temporary one, and must inevitably be changed. They must rise and find themselves a new abode. Every bee knows this, and is eager to shift his own position as well as that of the others, but not one of them will do so until the whole swarm rises. The swarm cannot rise, because one bee clings to the other and prevents it from separating itself from the swarm, and so they all continue to hang. It might seem as if there were no deliverance from this position, precisely as it seems to men of this world who have become entangled in the social net. Indeed, there would be no outlet for the bees if each one were not a living creature possessed of a pair of wings.—*Tolstoi.*

There is one thing in the world more wicked than the desire to command, and that is the will to obey.
—*W. K. Clifford.*

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. Robert H. Lowrie. New York: 1920. Boni and Liveright. 16mo. pp. viii, 463.

Morgan's "Ancient Society," which appeared in 1877, was an epoch-making book and its author has been styled "the father of American ethnology." He was an original and independent thinker. His literary work is an interesting example of development—each of his great works supplying the basis for its successor. Thus, his "League of the Iroquois" raised, at least in his own mind, the problems which he propounded and attacked in his next book, the massive "Systems of Consanguinity and Terms of Relationship"; this, in turn, led to his "Ancient Society" and his "Houses and House-life of American Aborigines" was the practical application of the theoretical views which he had developed in his preceding works. His ideas were so novel and his theories so radical that they inaugurated wide investigation and precipitated active discussion—in fact they gave rise to a veritable literature. Those whom he stimulated not infrequently produced actual nightmares of thought. Curiously, almost nothing of his own theories has withstood the test of time. Gradually ethnologists have come back to simple and more natural explanations. Morgan's sharply defined culture stages following one another in invariable order, his theories of marriage and the family, his deductions from what he considered "terms of relationship"—all have been, little by little, distrusted and discarded. It has, however, remained for Dr. Lowrie of the American Museum of Natural History to produce a thoughtful and serious discussion of the problems that Morgan propounded, within the limits of a single book. This he does in his "Primitive Society." Beginning with marriage and the family, he studies kinship usages, particularly to see whether Morgan's matriarchate was really a culture form, occurring always and everywhere, at a given point in an inevitable development. He then studies, by the same method and with the same result, Property Associations, Rank, Government and Justice. He finds, in all these, diverse forms independently developed rather than identical forms in a fixed single development. We have not the space to follow Lowrie's discussion in detail. We will only say that he presents a carefully thought argument; he sums up the results of many scattered discussions of the last twenty years; he gives us the only up-to-date book in its field. To the ethnological student of today the book must be fundamental. Subjects like totemism, kinship terms, the primitive family—had become veritable labyrinths and blind alleys, which the student avoided from actual terror. Terms had come to have no meaning; things absolutely different in essence and diverse in origin had been discussed as identical. Here is a serious—and successful—attempt to clearly define the issues and present the problems. We regret that Dr. Lowrie has yielded in the matter of taking up the sociologist's term *sib;* it may be convenient but it is such an etymological monstrosity that we would rather have left it to its inventors. We think, too, that his attack on Morgan would have been stronger if he had more frequently stated the propositions which he assaults; he probably assumes that all his readers know their Morgan better than

they do. We share with Lowrie his respect for Sir Henry Maine, but can hardly go so far in our admiration as he does. We feel too that one who reads Lowrie, as his first book in ethnology, will underestimate the actual significance of Lewis H. Morgan. But these criticisms are of minor points. Lowrie's book is a capital one; it meets a need that has long been real and serious.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF PANAMA. Philippe Bunau-Varilla. New York: 1920. Doubleday, Page & Co. 16 mo. pp. xv, 267.

Bunau-Varilla has already told the story of the Panama Canal. No one has a better right to do so. While the French attempt to construct the great waterway continued, he was the chief engineer in charge; when the scandal made it impossible for the French to complete the work, he was the active agent in securing the transfer of the French rights (such as they were) and property to us; he was the instigator of the Panama revolution and the founder of the Panama republic, as he here narrates; he was the first minister of the new nation to our government. He claims that he refrained, in his earlier writings, from telling of the "boche" plots against the canal and the United States. So he writes this new book to present the missing data. Which means, of course, that our author had no actual knowledge, perhaps no real suspicions, of these plots when he first wrote; but now he knows them all, and strips them bare before a to-be-astonished world. That the Germans stood ready, when the French had failed and we had come to a deadlock with Columbia, to take up the work of constructing the canal, has never been a secret; nor does the fact constitute a crime. That the British-German demonstration against Venezuela was part of a consistent Panama plot, is most unlikely; that Britain and Germany recognized that a foothold in Venezuela would be useful in case the canal were built is easily admitted—it is not easy to believe that either nation was seriously striving to secure such foothold. To claim that the Panama scandal and the resultant loss of French enthusiasm for the canal was brought about by German intrigue is an insult to the intelligence of the French people, and nothing that our author quotes or insinuates regarding Ernest Judet carries conviction. That Napoleon Third's Mexican venture was the first result of this deep plot of years of incubation and of insidious development is amusing in the highest degree. No thoughtful reader who follows *that* section of Bunau-Varilla's argument will find anything convincing, in fact anything warranting suspicion in his presentation. The main purpose of the book is to show up the plot and to warn against future "boche" machinations. A minor purpose is to explain Mr. Roosevelt's indiscreet admission—"I took Panama." It is a simple and clear statement. That Mr. Roosevelt later, when he found that the statement was taken as true, said to a private visitor—"I took Panama because Bunau-Varilla brought it to me on a silver platter"—does not reduce nor alter its significance. Mr. Bunau-Varilla's explanation does not meet the case. However, the book is interesting reading. Its venom is so evident as to be harmless and the story is of especial value just now, when people are becoming accustomed to the idea that we will have to build a second isthmian canal—through Nicaragua. Our author's argument against the Nicaraguan route is not the least interesting and entertaining chapters in his book.

THE MENACE OF SPIRITUALISM. Elliott O'Donnell. New York: 1920. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 16 mo. pp. xiii, 206.

There are all sorts of books for and against spiritualism. The one before us is unusual in viewpoint and presentation. It is called out by the present serious and unwholesome situation in England, where—as a result of the war—spiritualism is having a great sweep. The fact is also true in continental countries, but our author is chiefly concerned on account of the condition in England. The author calls himself "an undenominational Christian," but his attitude is largely shaped by influences or inclinations from the Catholic Church. He claims that spiritualism has made no serious or useful contribution to our knowledge of the soul or to religious truth, that it is a menace to public health, that its practice undermines character and intellect, that it threatens Christian faith. He repeatedly affirms his own belief in spirits and the possibility of seeing them and dealing with them. He believes in ghosts and has had personal dealings with them and with haunted houses. He, however, sharply distinguishes between such apparitions as come spontaneously, rarely, and for some evident purpose and spirits that are subject to mediums and may be summoned at will, for pay. He says many excellent things, though with extraordinary bitterness, of the nature of these latter spirits—of their frivolity, their shallowness, the valueless nature of their communications. The book is a serious and earnest outcry and deserves reading although one often wonders at the author's attitude.

AN OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. James Winfred Bridges. Columbus, O.: 1919. R. G. Adams & Co. 8vo. pp. 126 (i).

This book is just what its title indicates. It is neither a textbook nor a treatise upon abnormal psychology. It is an outline for students. It is directive to literature and classifies phenomena. It gives some definitions and theoretical formulations. It is comprehensive, thorough-going and conscientiously carried out. It can be confidently recommended as a convenient and well arranged guide. It lists the abnormal mental phenomena, shows their grouping into syndromes as manifested in psychoses and neuroses, and summarizes the facts and theories relative to its field.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Inca system of government was founded on that most iniquitous and disastrous doctrine that the individual bears the same relation to the State as a child to its parent, that its life from the cradle to the grave must be regulated for it by a Power it is taught to regard as omniscient—a Power practically omnipresent and almighty. . . . What wonder that a system so unspeakably repugnant to a being who feels that his will is a divinity working within him fell to pieces at the first touch of foreign invasion and that it left no vestige of its pernicious existence on the continent it had ruled. For the whole State was, so to speak, putrid even before dissolution, and when it fell it mingled with the dust and was forgotten.

—*W. H. Hudson.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

OUR-ROUGH-ISLAND-STORY.

There is unrest
In India,
In Egypt.
And in Ireland.
I cannot understand it.
It must be a plot.
* * *
Unrest in foreign countries
Is different.
—They may be misgoverned—
But if there is unrest
In the British Empire
It is always
A plot
On the part of foreign countries.
It is what I call
A conspiracy.
* * *
It is ridiculous
To talk about the rights
Of small nations.
India is not a small nation.
It is nothing of the sort.
We only keep India
Because, if we leave it,
The Indians
Would fight one another.
It is different
When Europeans fight one another.
But the Indians
Are a backward and brutal people,
And would not use
Guns, rifles, gas, bombs or flame-throwers.
It is better,
If you are an Indian,
To be bombed by a British aeroplane
Than to be hit
By another black.
We only stay in India
To protect the natives;
When we leave it
There will not be one rupee left.
No Englishman has any right
To talk about India,
Unless he has been there;
And no Indian
Has any right to talk about it,
If he lives there.
If he is a Maharajah
And plays cricket,
It is different.
A sportsman is a sportsman,
All the world over;
Except in Russia, of course;
And if an Indian Maharajah
Goes to an English Public School
He ought to be fairly safe—
Mens-sana-in-corpore-sano-and-all-that!
The doctors say
That a healthy man
Is unaware of his body,
And in the same way
You feel
With a healthy-minded public school man,
That he is unaware
Of his mind.
Look at our Generals!
They will show you
Where we should be
Without our public schools.
But none of the Indians
Know what they really want.
They only know what it is
That they don't want.
It is a plot.
* * *
It is the same in Ireland;
Sinn Feiners
Are no better than Bolsheviks.
I'd shoot them all,
The bloodthirsty brutes!
A great big nation
Attacking a poor little country
Like Poland.
It is true
That the plucky little Poles
Had to advance first,
Or the Bolsheviks
Might not have attacked them.
But we never gave them any ammunition
To fight the Bolsheviks,
We merely sent it
To help maintain
Law-and-Order,
Just as we send it
To Ireland;
And now the Bolsheviks
Have even attacked
The plucky little Persians.
It is a shame,
And prevents us
From keeping
Law-and-Order.
By Law-and-Order
I mean the shooting
Of people
Whom you don't happen to like;
But if they shoot back
—Or even answer back—
It is what I call a plot.
* * *
The burglar,
Who had been caught red-handed
With the contents of three houses,
Said:
"Directly I saw the police
I knew
That there was a plot
To deprive me
Of my possessions."
Unless people
Are allowed to keep
What they have obtained,
There will be an end
To Law-and-Order.
It is what I call
A conspiracy.

London Nation, June 19. —*"Miles."*

WAR RUINS.

In the last two days I have had a glimpse of the war ruins in two different lands. Yesterday morning for 8 hours the express train from Paris carried us through the famous battle-fields of France. At midnight we saw by moonlight the shattered buildings of Chateau Thierry. Through the long dawn we sped along the valley of the Marne catching sight in passing of the ruined stations, the roofless walls, and the desolate interiors of Châlons, Bar-le-Duc, etc. By broad daylight we crossed the Aisne and Meuse and came into Metz, but even there the signs of devastation continued. The ruined buildings and ragged trees told of frightful years not long ago, even though fields of grass or grain hid the blood-soaked earth. The stations on this important line had been targets for both sides and the hill-top villages were levelled to the ground and then the ground shot away. Agreed on nothing else, both armies had conspired to contradict the saying, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid," as they had agreed to set aside the rest of the Sermon on the Mount. Of course one sees but little from a railway carriage and yet it was a sight to be long remembered. The German lady in the corner of the compartment became increasingly silent and thoughtful. For her too it was the first glimpse of "no man's land." She evidently was understanding something about war that even in the Germany of the last six years she had not appreciated before.

Today the scene has been quite different. Frankfurt stands along the Main in all its ancient beauty. The roses bloom in the Hohenzollern Anlage, the swans glide about in the lakes of the Palmengarten. The old Rathaus of long imperial memory retains unimpaired its painted ceiling. There are no scars on the red stones of the Cathedral. But notice under its shadow the children playing ball in the street—shrivelled bodies with big heads, curved legs, swollen joints. It is not the buildings but the people that are the war ruins of Germany. Underfed for five years and still hungry, adults as well as children, they bear testimony as pitiful and often as mute as the wasted cities of France. And Frankfurt is not alone—it is far from the worst with its twelve thousand underfed children. It remains comparatively one of the most prosperous of German cities. But it cannot help its own people and it anticipates the winter and the future with despair. In the afternoon we go to Offenbach, a little manufacturing city close by, and we see there the ravages of war more clearly. The three thousand children whom we watch receiving their daily ration from America are not the only needy children, they are only the worst cases between 2 and 14 years. Thousands of unemployed parents are in need as well, innocent working women who can neither buy shoes nor work in the half-idle shoe factories, but pine away in hunger and dull hopelessness.

Many stories have been told of the ruined cities of France, and many more will be told by the great army of tourists which followed us this summer with morbid interest to the fields of death. They will have their personally conducted auto tours, they will see the trenches which are being specially dug for their convenience—and they will tell the story of German frightfulness again in America. But who will tell the other story? Who will raise a cry against the calculated cruelty of gradual starvation by blockade? Here in Germany too are desolate homes. Old men and little children here too have been slowly but ruthlessly destroyed. Here in the home of Goethe, who knows what mute inglorious poet has been starved into the silence of death. The remaining ruins are not inanimate crumbling brick and putrid earth but innocent little children wasted with rickets, scrofula and tuberculosis. One side of the Rhine are Rheims and Louvain cathedrals and many village churches violated by shell and fire; on the other side, desecrated by the consequences of blockade, are hundreds of thousands of human bodes which are also temples of the living God.

It is of course idle to make comparisons and mutual recriminations and we are not of those who would leave unbuilt the ruined cities of France as an incentive to undying hatred, nor would we convert the sufferings of Germany into the propaganda of a new revenge. But this is war, and these monuments are not partisan testimony. They are rather the unanimous witness to

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the madness of force and coercion, of misunderstanding and suspicion. They are the evident challenge to a new and better way. Happy are those Americans whose privilege it is to do the first work of repair in either land, restoring not merely homes and health but the spirit of good will, of trust and hope for the future.

HENRY J. CADBURY.
Frankfurt-on-Main.

A CALL TO THE FAITHFUL IN SPOKANE.

"No one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy."—*Herbert Spencer.*

"The future presses. Humanity has not a minute to lose. Society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Go, all of you, in this search. Civilization must march forward. But above all, before all, let us be lavish with light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects; let us supply souls with air. Let nothing be lost. Let not one force be isolated. Every one to work! The urgency is supreme.—*Victor Hugo.*

Dear Friends of the Liberal Faith in Spokane:

If you have read the expressive words of Herbert Spencer and Victor Hugo, printed above, you may understand in part what is in your Minister's mind and heart as we begin together another season of public service. Nothing has been more absolutely demonstrated in recent years than the solidarity of human interest. Suffering in Europe means suffering everywhere. Stagnation and death in Asia-Minor reaches its black hand even to our own firesides, and the discovery is made that "no one is free until all are free, and no one is happy till all are happy."

We do not need to borrow the language of pessimism to endorse the cry of Hugo that "Humanity has not a minute to lose," and it is our faith, as it was his faith, that our first duty is to open the windows of the mind, to "SUPPLY SOULS WITH AIR." To give the people the truth upon the supreme problems of life and to quicken so far as possible the moral urge to apply that truth to daily conduct—this is the high mission of the pulpit in our day. But the pulpit rests upon the people. Without their faithful co-operation the preacher is as one crying in the wilderness. He is literally lost in the crowd unless the friends of the truth he proclaims rally to the standard, thus giving to his message the power of numbers. So at the last it is not his work, his success or failure. It is the people's vision and their loyalty to that vision which compels progress.

Let this be clearly understood as we resume our important task here at the heart of the Inland Empire. Every one to the work. Not a man, woman or child excused. It is "our" job. It will be "our" victory. Bring a friend. Kindly mail this leaflet to some thoughtful neighbor. Remember, hundreds of people in our own city do not yet know of our work or its real character. You alone can inform them. Spread the light.

—*William Day Simonds.*
From Church Calendar.

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